

image comics presents





ROBERT KIRKMAN
& CORY WALKER

image[®]

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THE BEFORE TIME by Mark Waid

Q: What did the first homo sapiens say to the last cro-magnon?

A: "Hey, will you write an introduction to my book?"

Hi, I'm Mark Waid, former comics superstar. You may remember me from such award-winning series as X-O MANOWAR, THE KINGDOM, and CRUX, a.k.a. The Watchmen of CrossGen Comics. Yes, back in the BeforeTime, I was everywhere. I had my choice of plum assignments, and the riches and fame that come with being an internationally famous comic book author were mine for the taking. Life was a fairy-tale ride of royalty checks and Cuervo Gold margaritas fetched by comely comicon volunteers at the snap of the fingers. "So how," you would naturally ask aloud if you somehow thought you were actually looking at me and not page five of a trade paperback, "how is it, Mark--I'm sorry, I mean, 'how is it, Mr. Waid'--how is it that someone of your legendary stature ends up penning an introductory text piece for a collection such as this?

"Is it because you find Robert Kirkman's writing fresh and his character voices clever without being precious and unique without being inaccessible?

"Is it because, in the endless sea of repetition that is mainstream superhero comics, you're delighted to find yourself genuinely surprised each and every month by the twists and turns in INVINCIBLE?

"Is it--I'm sorry, of course, it clearly states right here in the fine print that I'm not allowed to make direct eye contact with you, my apologies--is it because you admire the skill with which Kirkman and his collaborators cram so much entertainment into each and every issue? Is that why you agreed to write an introduction, Mr. Waid?"

No.

I said I'd do this because it's the only assignment Kirkman's not already taken.

I admit, I shared nothing but thoughts of encouragement and mentorly congratulations over the past couple of years when our young Mr. Kirkman, a poor mountaineer who barely kept his family fed, went from writing one or two regular series to three, then four. Even at five, six, and seven, I gave him my blessings, never realizing what was inevitably to befate me until it was far too late.

Gradually, Kirkman was everywhere. EVERYWHERE. Suddenly, Judd Winick started having to hunt for new assignments, then Mark Millar, as--one by one--Kirkman's little hillbilly laptop, not sated by producing the plots and dialogue for every Image Comic out there, devoured half the gigs available at Marvel, then the other half. Geoff Johns found himself reduced to writing greeting cards once Robert set his sights on DC ("I can write D00M PATROL on Thursdays between five and six," he said, but then, who can't?), and Gail Simone was last seen scratching out "Will banter wittily for food" signs alongside Greg Rucka.

And now I sit here in the flickering candlelight of hopelessness, desperate to pick up the pocket change someone's going to--GET AWAY FROM ME, BENDIS, YOU &%!\$\%#, FIND YOUR OWN ^\&\\$!\%# WORK!--someone's going to hand me in exchange for these five hundred words. It's the only assignment Kirkman's left any of us. It's all there is to do, and I will protect it as the only lifeline remaining to me, Mark Waid, former comics superstar. It's all I have--

--oh, Jesus. I think I heard him.

I did. That's HIM.

He's coming.

He's CO--

CHRPTER ONE



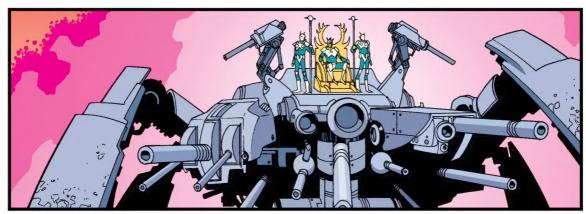






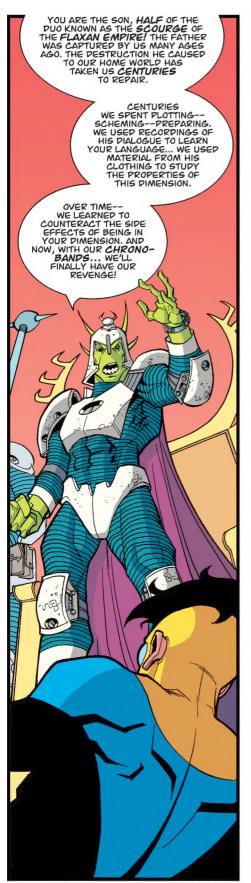
























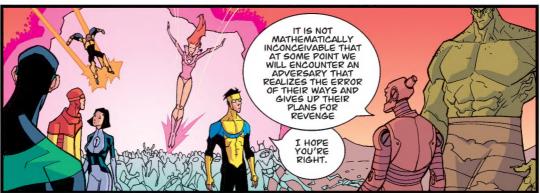






















CECIL SAYS YOU'RE
ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.
I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS. IT'S
BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT
APPLES RARELY FALL FAR
FROM THE TREE... EVEN IF
THEY TELL THEMSELVES
OTHERWISE AT
FIRST.

I'M GOING
TO BE KEEPING
AN EYE ON YOU.
I WON'T LET YOU
FULFILL HIS MISSION.
I SEE ONE SIGN OF
YOU CHANGING
SIPES ANP I'M
TAKING YOU
OUT.



I FOUGHT HIM. I TRIED TO STOP HIM. I STOOP AGAINST HIM FOR THIS WORLD. FOR A MOMENT, I EVEN HELD MY OWN AGAINST HIM... MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU.

CECIL HAS IT ALL ON TAPE IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.







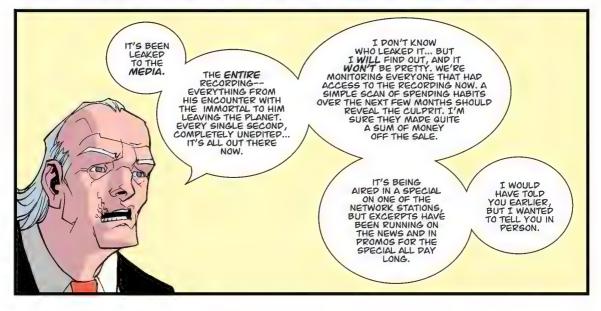














YOUR IDENTITY IS NOT COMPROMISED.
HE NEVER REFERRED TO YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN "SON" OR "MARK." IT WAS ALREADY PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU WERE HIS SON. HE PIDN'T REFER TO YOUR MOTHER BY NAME AT ANY TIME. HE MADE NO REFERENCE TO HIS NAME, HIS JOB, ANY LOCATIONS... NOTHING WAS SPECIFICALLY MENTIONED.



NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR FATHER
HAVE EVER BEEN ASSOCIATED
WITH ANY SPECIFIC AREA OF
THE COUNTRY. YOU HAVE NO
METROPOLIS. ASIDE FROM
YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH
YOUR PHYSICS TEACHER,
THERE'S NOTHING TO TIE
YOU WITH THIS REGION.
FOR THE MOST PART,
YOU'VE BOTH BEEN
ACTIVE IN ALL PARTS
OF THE WORLP. IT'S
ONLY SPECULATED
THAT YOU ARE
AMERICAN.

SO
YOU COULP
BE ANY NUMBER
OF THOUSANDS
OF "MARKS" ON
THIS EARTH.













































































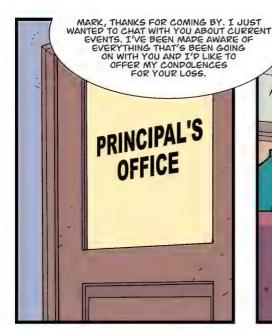














































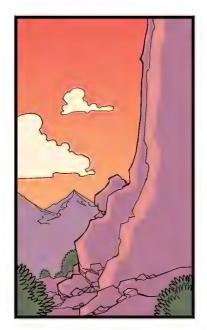






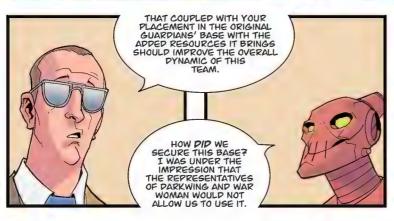














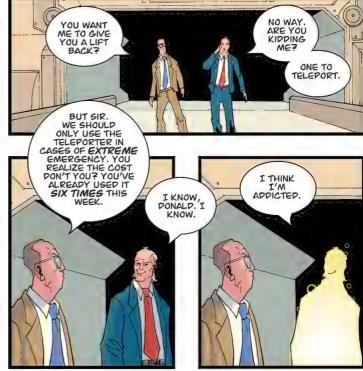
































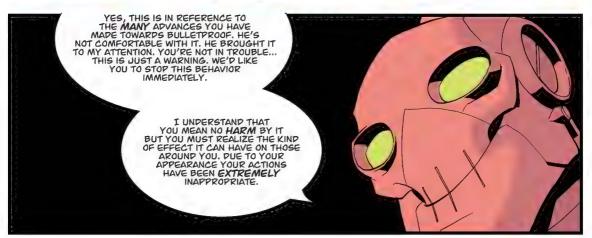










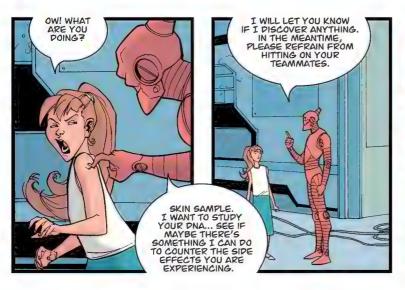


































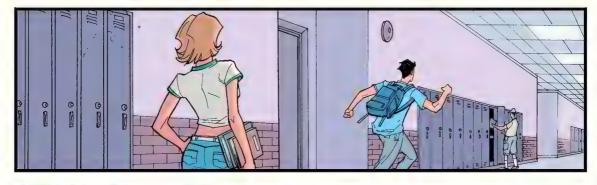




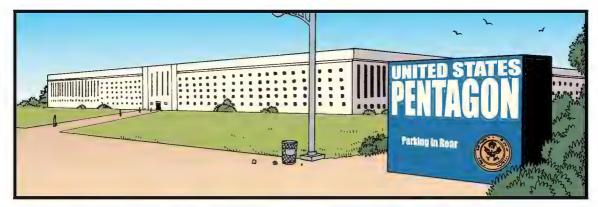


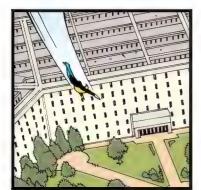
















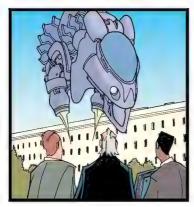


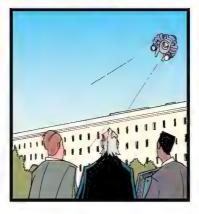


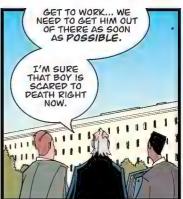














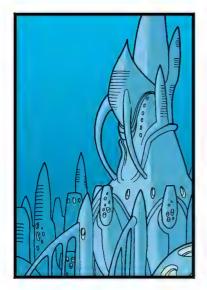


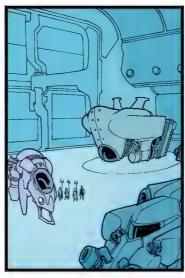




















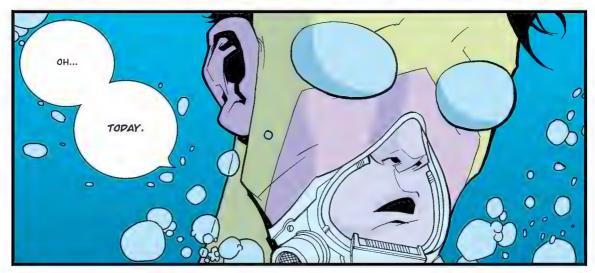










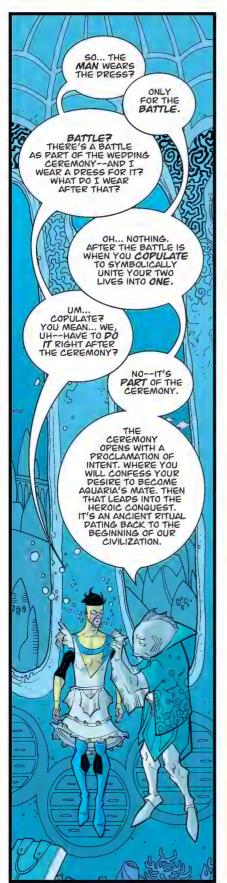








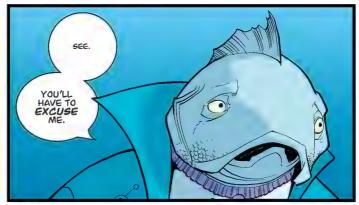








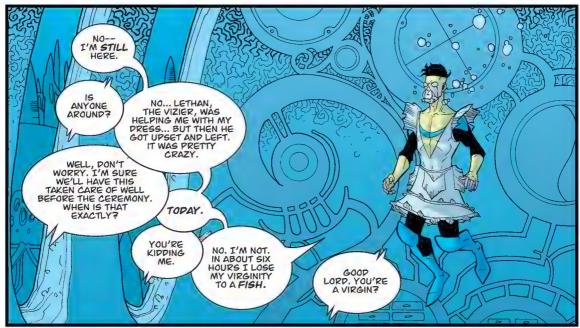








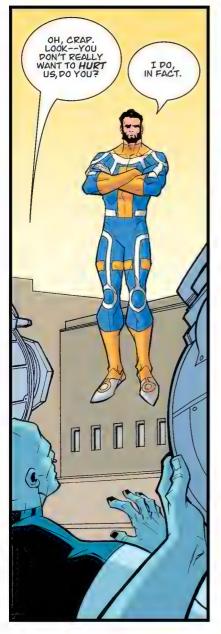










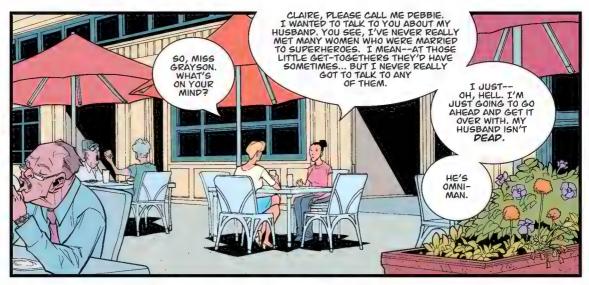






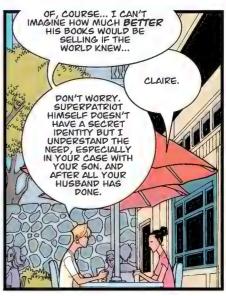




















































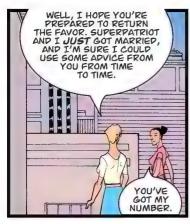






























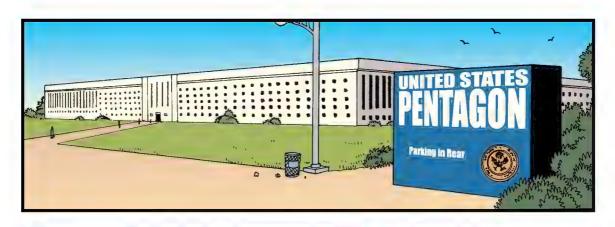


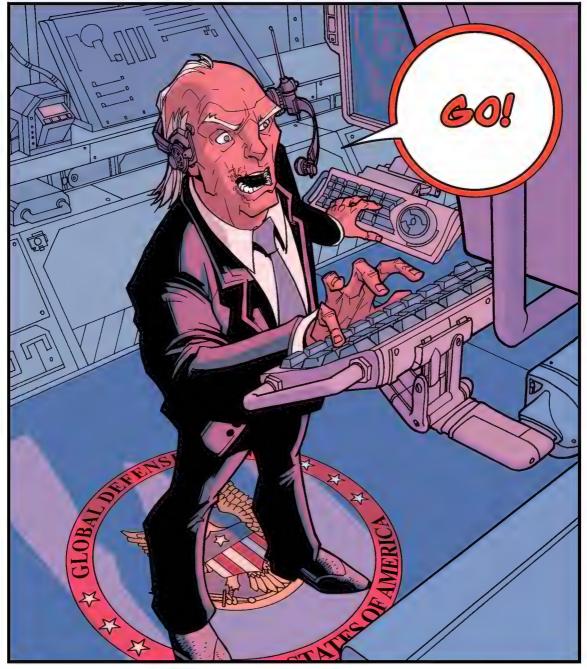






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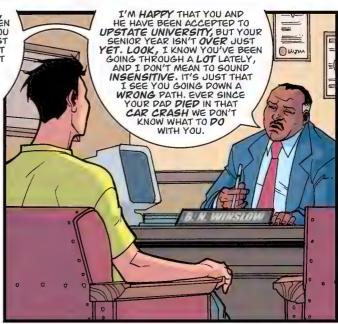


































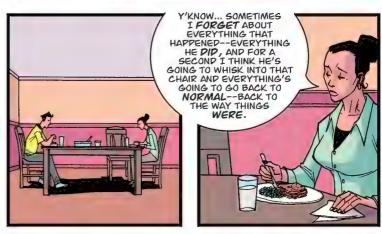


















CHIPTER FOUR





















































































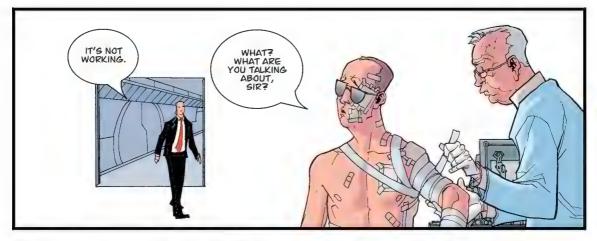


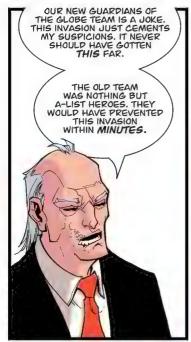


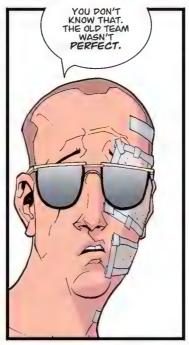


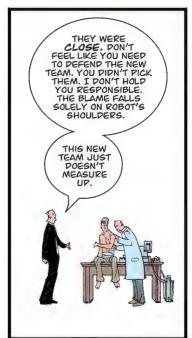






















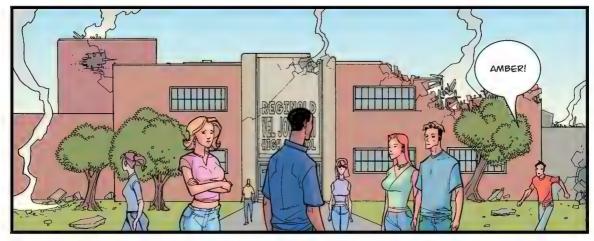


























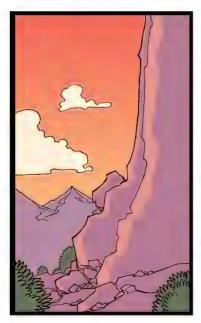






























































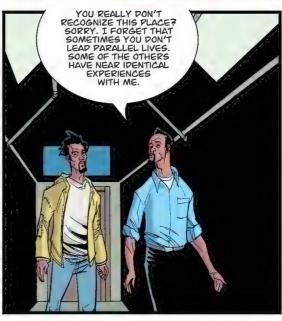










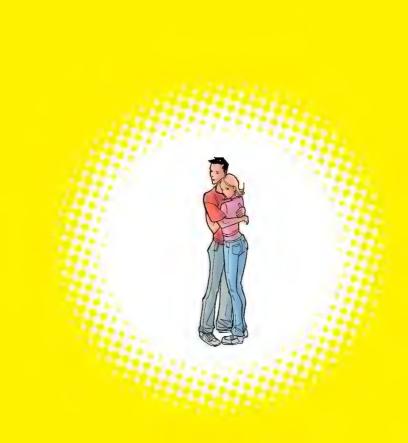












































































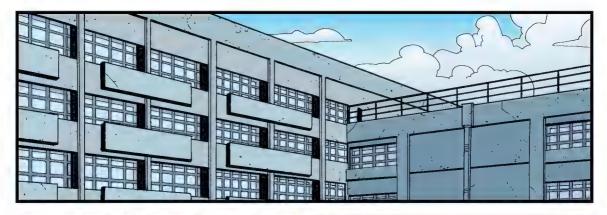




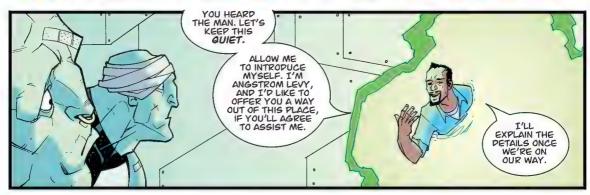














































































































































































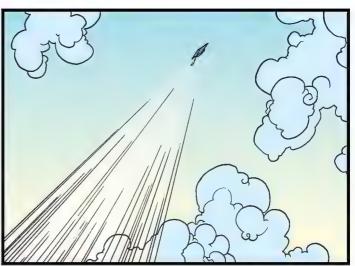


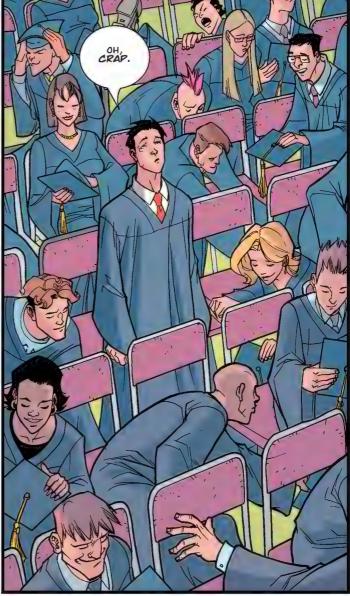


































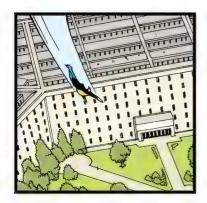




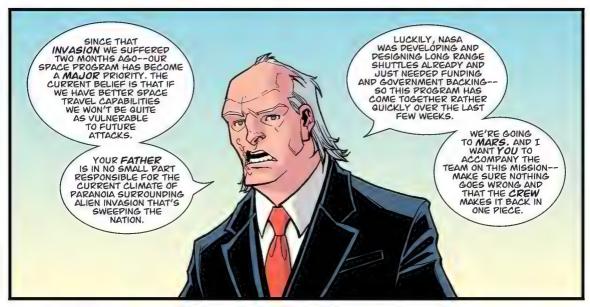




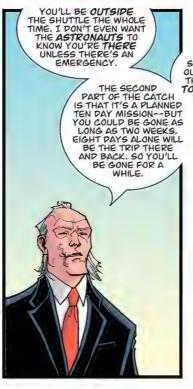






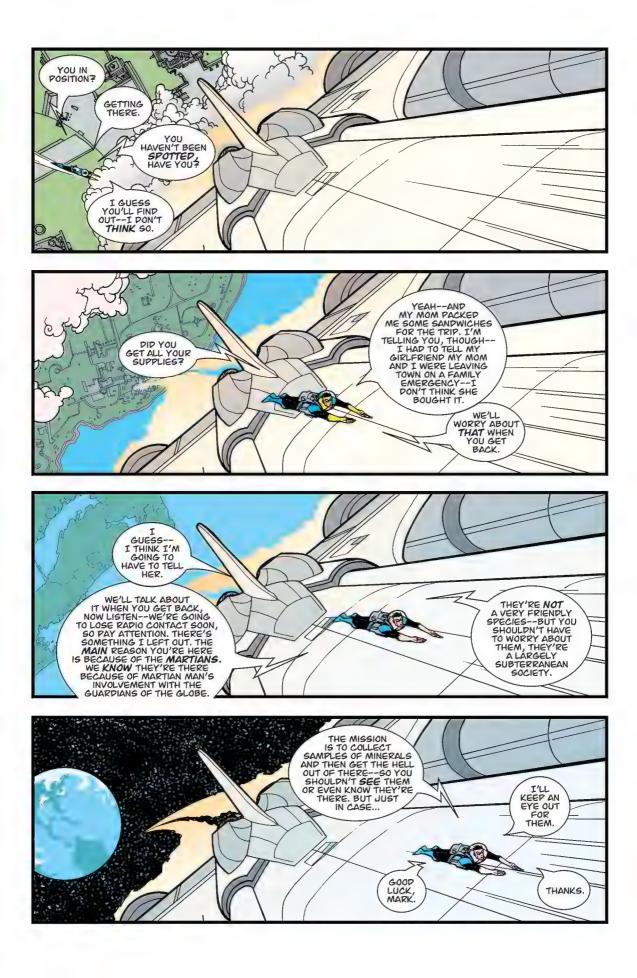


















I'VE BEEN COLLECTING MY OTHER-PIMENSIONAL COUNTERPARTS. IT SEEMS THROUGH SOME LAW OF COSMIC BALANCE I AM THE ONLY VERSION OF ME WITH MY UNIQUE PIMENSION HOPPING ABILITIES.

WHAT THEY
PO HAVE THAT I
PON'T IS INTIMATE
KNOWLEPGE OF THEIR
HOME PIMENSIONS.
SOMETHING I WISH
TO HAVE--SOMETHING
THAT WOULD MAKE
MY POWERS MUCH
MORE USEFUL.

THEY HAVE
ALL COME WILLINGLY-WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS-AND THEY'VE AGREED TO
HELP ME. OH, AND THIS ISN'T
ALL OF THEM-NOT EVEN
CLOSE. I'VE GOT THEM
HOUSED IN THIS LOCATION
IN A POZEN PIFFERENT
PIMENSIONS.

WHAT I NEED YOU TO DO IS FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ITAKE WHAT'S IN THEIR HEADS AND PUT IT INTO MINE.

CAN YOU DO THAT?







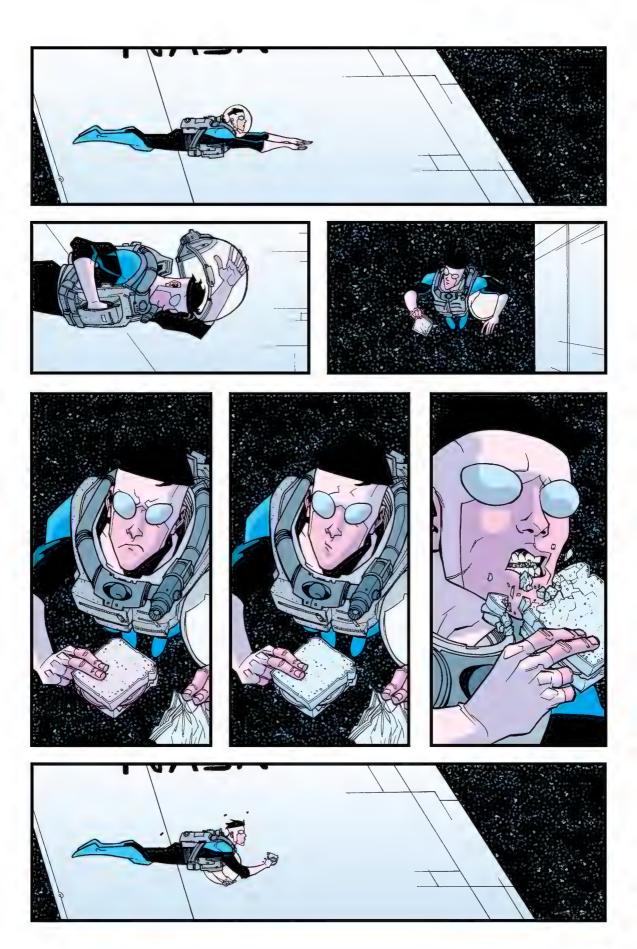












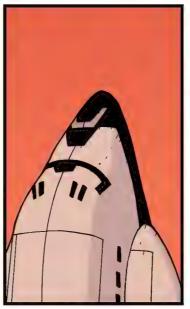










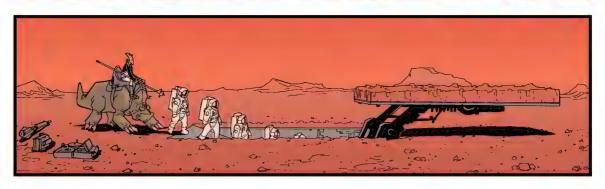


































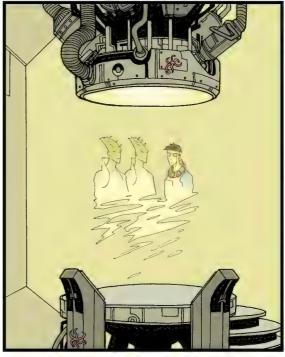


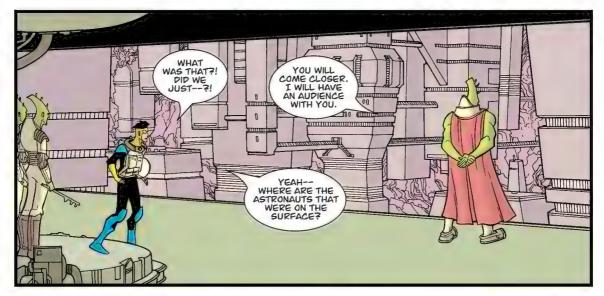




















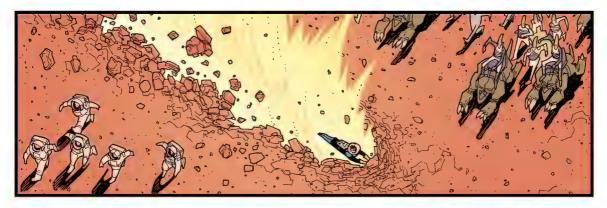






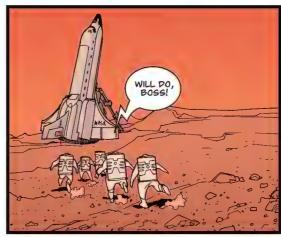




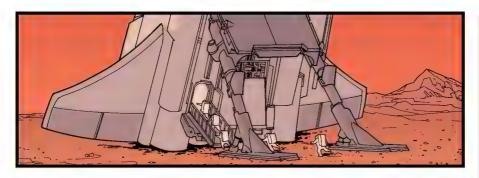














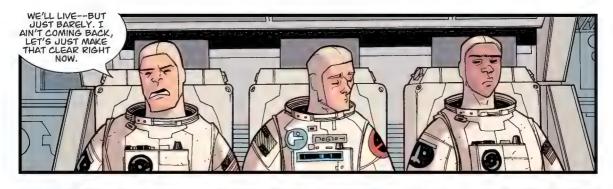


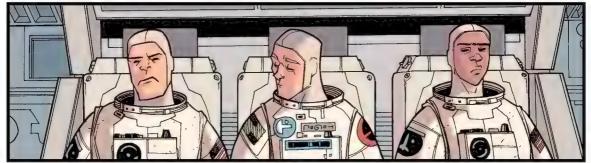




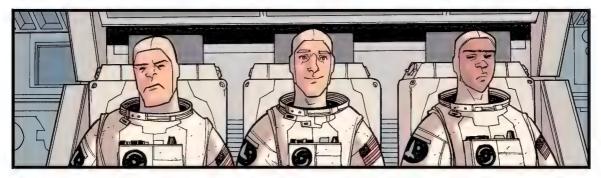




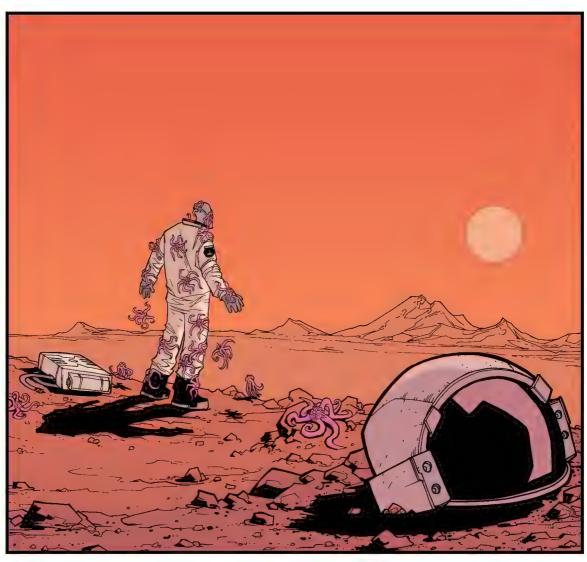








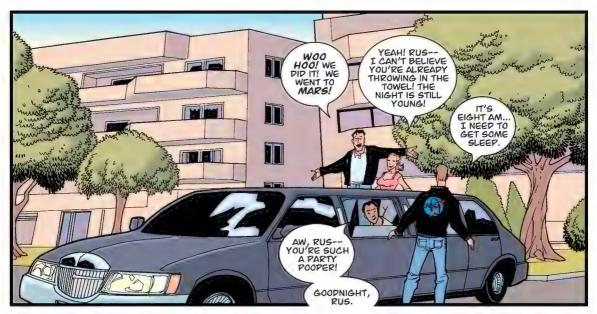




























































































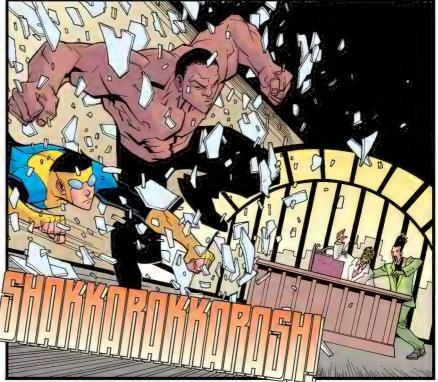


















NEXT UP IS
MAGNATTACK.
YOU'LL FIND OUT
HIS POWERS SOON
ENOUGH. I DON'T
WANT TO RUIN THE
SURPRISE.

THEN,
STRAIGHT FROM
RUSSIA COMES
KURSK. HE'S GOT
SOME KIND OF
ELECTRICITY POWERS.
I'M NOT CLEAR ON
THE SPECIFICS... HE'S
PEADLY, AND THAT'S
REALLY ALL THAT
MATTERS.















































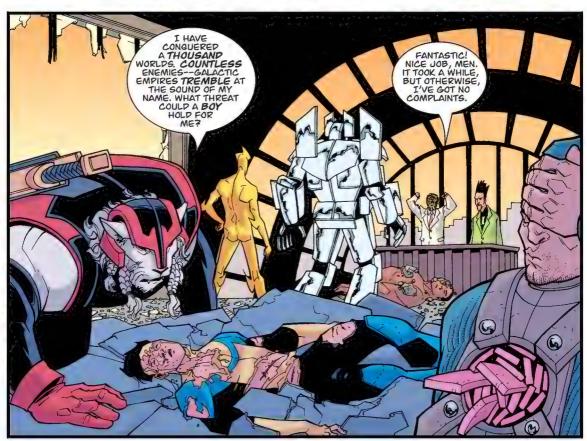
































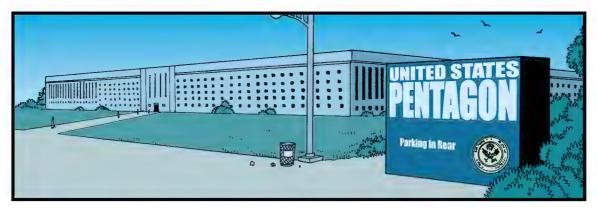




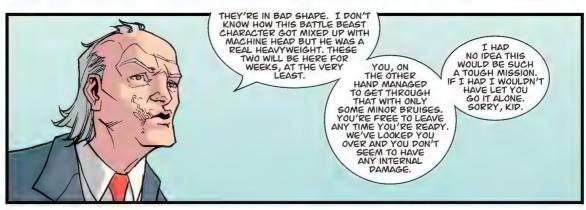






































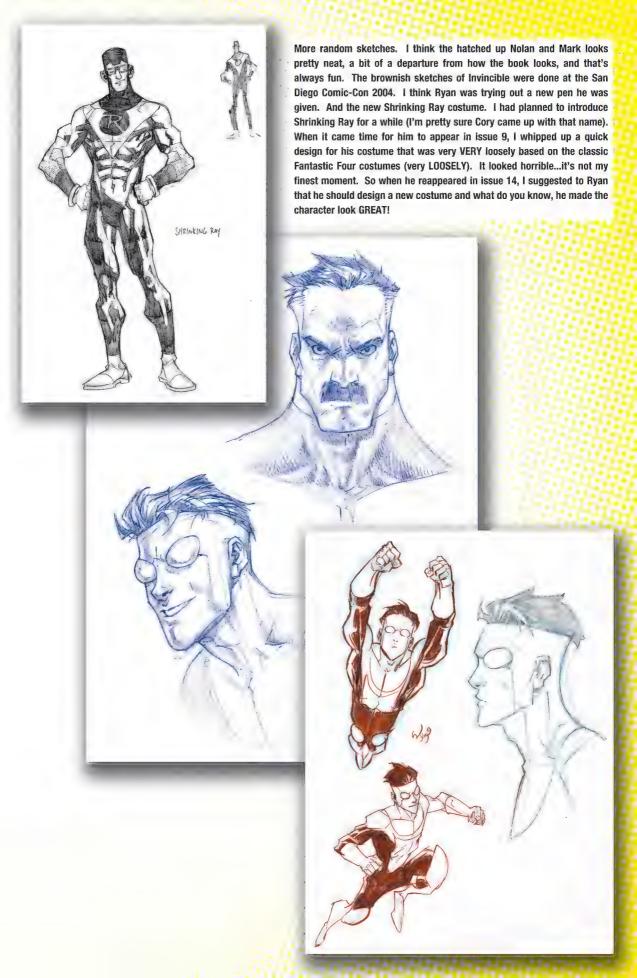




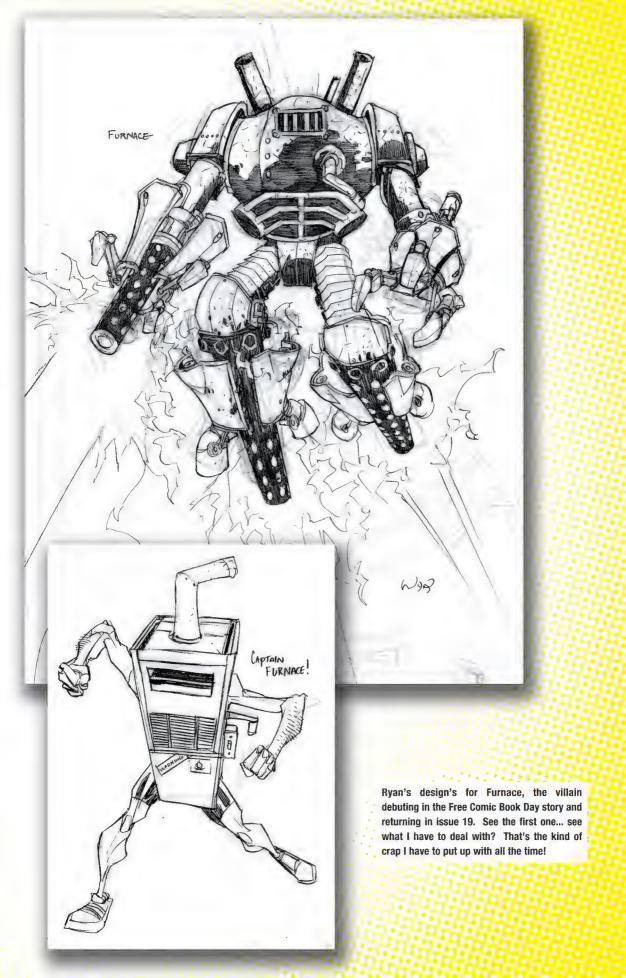


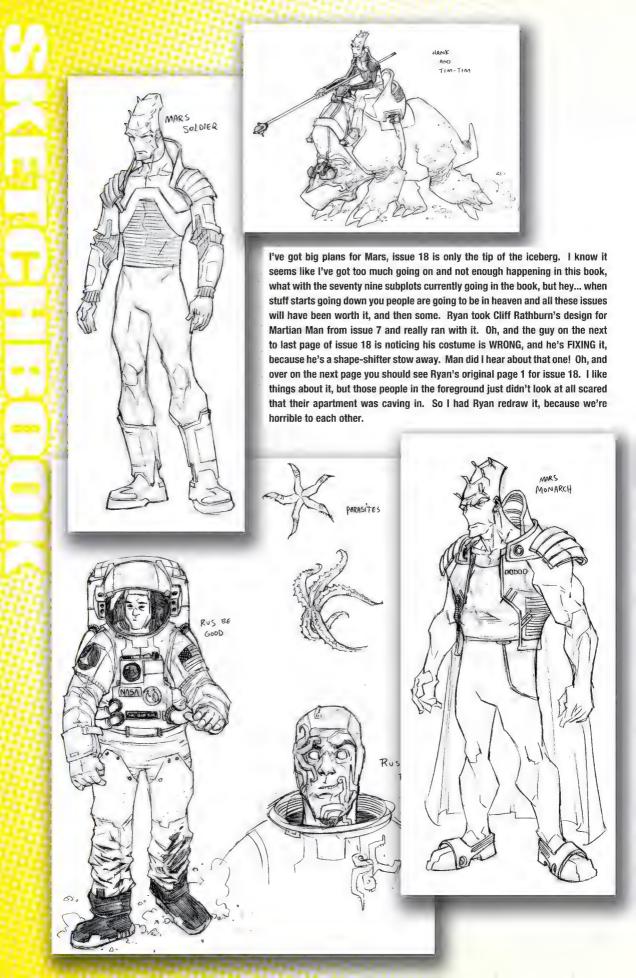


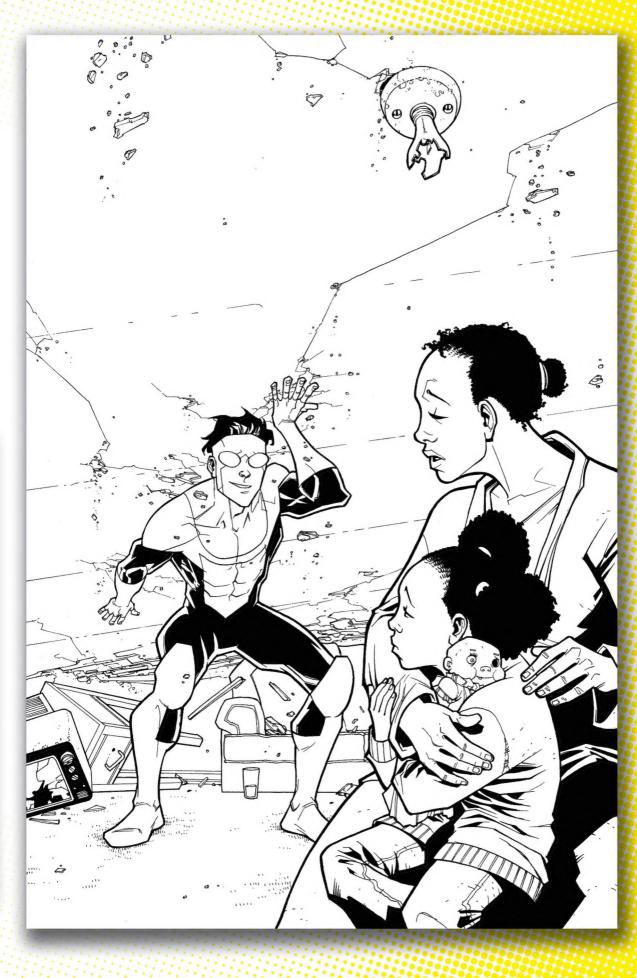
Some random sketches of stuff. It's always nice to see Allen the alien. He's one of my favorites in the book. Also on this page, a new design for Amber. When Amber made her second appearance in issue 8 (her first was in issue 4, go look) I thought she looked a little off. I believe my exact words to Ryan were "She's dressed like an 8 year-old from the '70s." I know what you're thinking, and yes, I am horrible to work with, but you know what... Amber looks SO MUCH better now. So there.









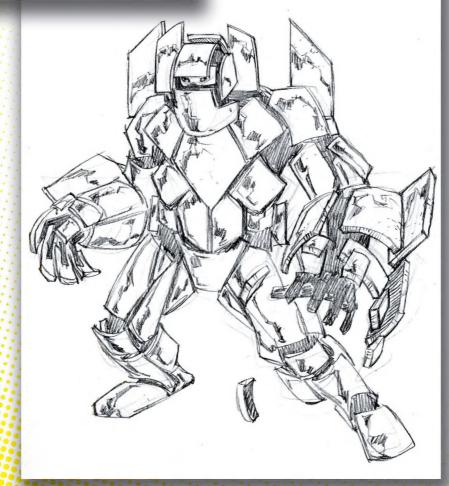


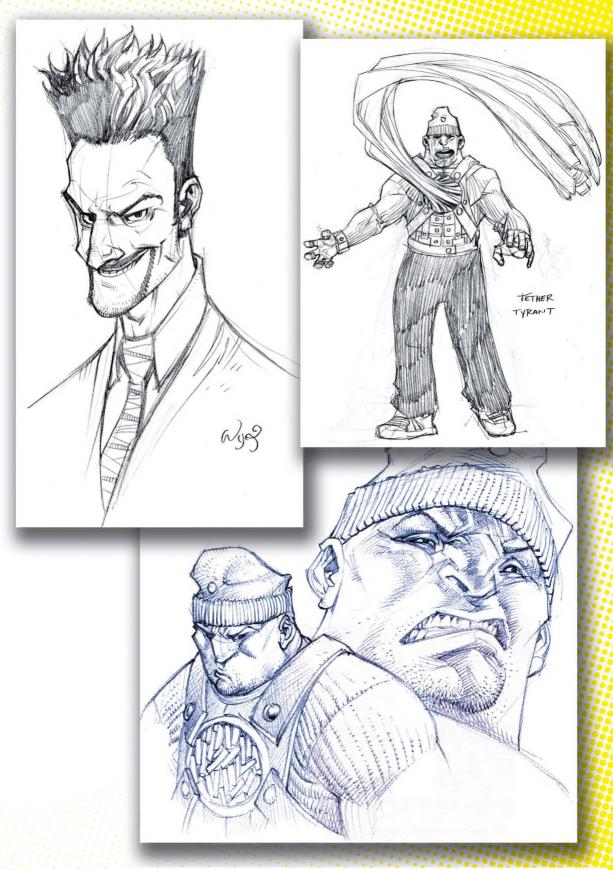




MAGNATTACK

So sometimes I come to a revelation and it makes me do something drastic in the book. Like when I realized that Invincible doesn't have a very large rogues gallery... so I introduced four new villains in issue 19. Before I had been focusing on Mark and Nolan, preparing for the big reveal in issues 11 and 12. It didn't seem that important to have villains running around all over the place in the book. After that stuff was out of the way, I decided I'd make it a point to put in more bad guys... cool bad guys, guys that could actually hurt Invincible if they tried really hard. I think Magnattack is my favorite. Either him or the Tether Tyrant, who, despite popular belief, does NOT have a silly name.





Speaking of Tether Tyrant, here's Ryan's design for him and a really cool drawing Ryan did of him. This guy is just too cool. He's got BUBBLE GUM (or something) coming out of his chest. How can you not like THAT? Also on this page is Ryan's design for Isotope. He's a funny looking dude. I honestly have no idea how Ryan came up with his look... it's so, unique. We should be seeing more of this guy as time goes on. With that, I bring this sketchbook section to a close. Hope you enjoyed the ride, thanks for playing!

-Robert Kirkman

After the cataclysmic events of Invincible: Volume 3, Mark is left to pick up the pieces of his life. Everything is different now. His family, his friends, his colleagues. The world is very strange and unfamiliar to our young superhero. He is now faced with insurmountable odds, countless super-villains, other worldly threats, and graduating high school. Nobody told him being a superhero would be easy, but nobody told him it'd be this hard either.

Reprinting issues 14-19 of the Eisner Award nominated series, along with the story from the Image Comics Summer Special.



